CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Pleasant Reunion of the Members of Division No. 11 and Their Friends—A Lively "Smoke Talk" at Leddy's Hall, Under the Auspices of Division No. 17.

Doings of the Order and its Officers at Danville Ill.—Coming Meeting of the Rock County, Wis., Hibernians.

Many interesting events in local A. O. H. circles have ensued meantime during the past week, but were of a nature worthy of note, even if publication was delayed.

That reunion in Div. 11, the last Thursday in October, will be long remembered by the members and visitors. What a night it was, with P. C. Desmond presiding, and Miles McFadden catering for creature comforts, and M. E. Lynch in the Vice President's chair represented the "otium cum dignitate" of the County Board, and Mr. Malony was at his best in his witty reference to past and present, bordering closely on sacrilege, when he referred to the lustrous loss of one good friend, Luke Lyons. Brother Mulvey was, as usual, the charming "raconteur" of comical selections, and was encored in popularity only to little Master Cronin, whose well-trained voice was heard to great advantage in rendition of the ballad "Sicilian." Brother Murray was untiring in his efforts to make every one happy. The North Side divisions were well in evidence, and Div. 11 has reason to congratulate itself on the present of Div. 3's fife and drum corps, which proved its excellence in several selections. It was morn before the last of the guests turned homewards.

Leddy's Hall proved too small to accommodate the guests who attended the "smoke talk" on Nov. 4. The veteran Martin Mulcahy, who was in the chair, ran affairs with an iron hand. County President Hanafy delivered an earnest, interesting address on the Irish Fair and the work necessary to make a success of the same. Brother P. B. Flanagan spoke on the objects and progress of the order. The remarks of Brother Flanagan are always worthy of attention and his sound, common sense advocacy of policies necessary to sicure our race are appreciated by the thinkers among our people. State President Keating spoke on the evils of dissension and necessity of living up to the letter of the obligation. Brother John Begane, of Div. 27, and Brother J. W. Flanagan in brief addresses voiced their experiences and belief in the practical the words of love instead of the standing of the brothers named wins the best attention of a Hibernian audience. A violin duet from Brothers Reddin and McDonald was warmly applauded. The sandwich singing of Bro. J. O'Brien was probably the most popular event of the evening. Div. 17 boys were always the musical line by Brothers Howard, of Div. 17, Collins, of Div. 12, Hanrahan, of Div. 3, Hogan and O'Hara, of Div. 17. The recitations of Brother McMurrough, of Div. 17, and Brother Lonergan, of Div. 36, were gems of their kind and much appreciated by all present. The evening was perfect excepting the notable and regrettable absence of the guest of honor McClure, who was delayed through over exertion extending invitations and preparing his report of military work. The absentees from the "smoke talk" of Div. 17 will be pursued by our friend the major and compelled to cite reasons why they should not be punished for contempt of martial law.

Danville had within its walls on Sunday, the 7th inst., every Hibernian worth talking about in Vermilion county. The splendid meeting was tastefully decorated, and crowded with brothers who met to receive the Rev. Father Duffy, pastor of the parish, and State President J. T. Keating. County President Quigley and Division President Higgins spoke kindly words of welcome and introduced the visitors. The reverend pastor, in a short address, voiced his high estimate of the A. O. H. was congratulated on its work on its modern progress. In noble words he advocated attention to the high ideals and praiseworthy ambition which animated and inspired the society and urged earnest effort for the spread of the influence of its principles. The State President spoke on the needs of the order and its work in the fraternal and national fields of duty. Danville is happy in having in its ranks some of the best men in the order, and then in having organized a Ladies' Auxiliary almost without an equal in the west. The splendid entertainment by County President Quigley has raised the standing of the order and won for the same the esteem of every one who, in bygone days, opposed its rights of existence.

On Sunday, the 21st inst., the A. O. H. of Rock county, Wis., will have with them State Secretary T. W. Reilly and Brother J. T. Keating, of Chicago. The good understanding of the needs of the order which has been created by the interchange of visits between the A. O. H. of neighboring states is doing wonders in promoting co-operation. The recent gathering in Racine, at which were present Brothers Reilly and Keating, evidenced the desire of our friends in adjoining states to visit and receive visitors. At the meeting in Racine were present A. O. H. from Chicago, Milwaukee, Kenosha, Milwaukee and Shullsburg, all expressing their gratification at having an opportunity to be present at such a reunion. As the brilliant State President of the Ladies' Auxiliaries of Wisconsin, Mrs. J. Leahy, so prettily expressed it, "Distance has no terrors to daunt a Hibernian heart and Irish affection for kith and kin is universal, not local."

The Rev. Father Duffy delivered a splendid address on the good work of societies in the church, and especially emphasized the A. O. H. Treasurer Michael Colbert presided as only his genial self knows how, with kindly word and winning smile to charm and comfort. Judge Burns, of Milwaukee, offered every Irish heart with his appeal for the old, old cause, and his reminiscences of his active life. But the address of the evening was that of Brother T. W. Reilly. His name is a masterly exposition of the needs and purposes of the Order, its progress, its power and its power for good. Brother Reilly is a past master of the art of fraternal administration, and he used to such advantage and in such able style as on this occasion. The evening closed with music and dancing.

The annual ball of Div. 36 takes place at Lincoln Turner Hall, 2nd floor, 1st proceeded by a very interesting musical and literary programme, to which some of the Irish talent will contribute numbers.

We are glad to note that our esteemed county Financial secretary, Brother J. J. Smith, has joined the benedicts. He has recently returned with his charming wife, and is ready to receive friends in the new home, Irvine, Ont., for a week. It is unnecessary to say that Brother Lamb has the best wishes of all the Hibernians in Cook county, who feel grateful for his earnest efforts in behalf of the order, and cordially wish all joy and prosperity possible for a good couple to begin life and enjoy the first days of the happy couple be long in the land.

Div. 37 mourns the loss of Brother Patrick Prendergast, an old and valued member of the division. May he rest in peace.

OBITUARY.

BR. WILLIAM O'CONNELL.

The sudden death of Mr. William O'Connell at Buffalo last Sunday week is an event of unmixed sadness not only to his wife and immediate relatives, but to a very large circle of men who had, in the course of a few years, learned to appreciate who kind of a man he was. Mr. O'Connell expired, after a brief illness, which the physicians said was gastric hemorrhage of the stomach, not many months after the date where he was born forty-one years ago, namely, in the city of Buffalo. His cousins were brought to Chicago. Mr. O'Connell passed his life in the city as an ex-President Cleveland, in Buffalo, N.Y., and later was a clerk in the American Express office in this city, when he was appointed station se cashier and bookkeeper for the late Owen Murray. Engaged as he was in an occupation which was very exacting, and which called for a great deal of care, he chose to addict himself specially to business, and did not court popularity. The general result was that he commended himself to all he met in high respect, and had his life been prolonged there was every reason to believe he would have reached quite a commanding station in business life. Brother O'Connell was a single man, a most agreeable and genial Irish gentleman and Irishman; he loved the society of books, and was well versed in the literature of the day as well as that of the past, and above all his heart was in his native land, and a member of Division 5, Mollie, two months ago, seemed to rend his heart in twain, and it is doubtful if he ever recovered from the shock, although he manifested a brave and cheerful countenance to conceal sorrow of his life. It was in this domestic phase of a true man's life where his excellence was exhibited in abiding colors, and it was in this happy home circle where Brother O'Connell was always to be seen at his best. This was specially attested to by the mourners who came from the city to attend the funeral. In summing up his characteristics it may be truly said of him that he was a man of the most active traits of character. His loves and friendships were lasting, and those who were his close friends he always gave his unbounded confidence.

The obsequies took place on Wednesday morning, Nov. 5, from the residence, No. 36 Lytle street, to the Holy Family church, the sacred edifice being crowded before the hour fixed for the service, which accompanied the remains. Requiem high mass was solemnized by the Rev. Father Reilly as celebrant and Fathers O'Neill and Dr. Smith as deacon and sub-deacon. The music rendered was of a high order, the solos being sung by Mr. and Mrs. McGlynn, Miss Crawford and Mr. William Barron. The Rev. Father Reilly, a warm personal friend of the deceased, preached the funeral sermon, selecting for his text the subject of death, the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death as evidenced in the life of their departed friend. He spoke of the many good traits in the character of the deceased, and closed the book of life and bound it with a golden clasp, and all should pray that his soul be so purified as to merit eternal rest.

The funeral cortege, which was one of the larges ever seen in the parish, reformed and the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery. The Rev. Father Reilly said the last prayers at the grave, and all that was mortal of William O'Connell was laid to rest beside his little daughter Mollie, whom he loved so well. The display of flowers was large and very artistic. Among them was a pillow inlaid with the words "Gone to Meet His Mollie." The sentiment moved many of Mr. O'Connell's friends to tears. A large number of friends came from Buffalo, including his brother, John, to pay their last tribute of respect. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mrs. O'Connell in the hour of her bereavement. Deputy active pallbearers were Messrs. Daniel Wall, W. C. McClure, John C. Sonnebert, M. F. Driscoll, P. Turner, John McMaster, Roger H. Keogh and Charles Hanlin. The honorary pallbearers were Capts. William Buckley and Martin Hayes, Thomas Farrel, P. J. Hennessy, Eugene M. Keeley, Edward H. Sosst, J. C. Morris and D. F. Burke. R. I. P.

MRS. HANNAH DOLAN.

Mrs. Katherine Dolan, beloved wife of ex-Officer Frank Dolan of 7822 Bond avenue, passed quietly away at 10:30 Saturday evening of last week, from an attack of pneumonia with which she was stricken but a few days before. Two weeks ago she caught a severe cold from which she never recovered. Rev. Father Taney was the attending physician. Katherine Hayes (maiden name) was born in Dublin, Co. County Cork, Ireland, in 1820, and came to America at the age of 20, early settling in the Irish rival she came to Chicago, and May 9, 1850, became Mrs. Frank Dolan, and resided at 234 Clark Place until 1883, when Officer Dolan built a beautiful home on Bond avenue, his present residence. Officer Dolan, who had a magnificent record, was retired on half pay, after more than twenty years service, ten years ago. This great affliction falls heavily upon him, and he has the deepest sympathy of all his friends.

The funeral of Mrs. Dolan occurred on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, and many sincere mourners followed the cortege, in spite of the rain, to St. Bride church, where the last sad rites were performed by Rev. Father Reilly, O'Sullivan. At the conclusion of the requiem mass, the large cortege proceeded to Mount Olivet, the estimable lady's last resting place. R. I. P.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Div. 36, held at their hall in Union Block, Sunday, Nov. 7, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, With deep sorrow we miss from our midst the familiar face of loved face of our late brother, Thomas Farrell, called away on the 31st of October to the presence of the Supreme Ruler, we bow submissively to this decree, yielding to God's will. We recognize Brother Farrell's faithful services, and his untiring zeal were tempered by the firm belief that he has gone to a happier home above.

His memory will always be kept green in the hearts of the members of this division, and to the family of the deceased brother we offer our hearty and sincere sympathy.

D. M. Duggan, Michael Clark, Thos. White, Committee.

At the last regular meeting of Div. 21, A. O. H., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has please Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, our beloved Brother Thomas McCarley; and

WHEREAS, We recognize in his death the loss of a true and faithful member, who, in this life, has proved himself a devoted husband and father and loving father; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 21, tender to his sorrowing wife and family our most sincere sympathy in this hour of sorrow, and pray that God may enable them to bear their loss with Christian fortitude; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and a copy spread on the records of this division, and a copy sent to the Irish CITIZEN for publication.

Owen Graham, Patrick S. Stenson, George O'Brien, Committee.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst by the hand of death our beloved brother, Edward Collins, who, in this life, has proved himself a devoted Catholic, a true and loyal Hibernian and friend; be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Div. 21, tender to his sorrowing wife and family our most sincere sympathy in this hour of sorrow, and pray that God may enable them to bear their loss with Christian fortitude; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and a copy spread on the records of this division; also a copy sent to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN for publication.

Owen Graham, Patrick S. Stenson, George O'Brien, Committee.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula for a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

IRISH LITERATURE.

Graphic Pictures of Some Members of the Literati, Who Have Breathed a New Spirit into the Rising Generation of Irish Writers of Prose and Poetry.

Sketches of Chas. Johnston, John O'Leary, Miss O'Leary, Rose Kavanaugh, Katherine Tynan, the Sigersons, K. H. Yeats, George Russell, Douglas Hyde, Ashe King and Others.

Charles Johnston.

The task of bringing together a number of the brightest among the Irish writers of the present and having them write a series of articles for American readers, was that which Mr. Charles Johnston and Mr. M. J. Murphy undertook some time ago. Mr. Johnston, as his portion of the work, opened up a correspondence with the Irish writers, and the publication was arranged for the publication of the articles. An immediate response came from those two patriotic souls, Dr. Douglas Hyde and T. W. Rolleston, and later on articles came pouring in, till now they are ready for the press, manuscripts from Standish O'Grady, Vera Johnston, Alice Hopper, John G. Lee, Dr. Douglas Hyde, T. W. Rolleston, Charles Johnston and M. J. Murphy. Other articles are promised by Dr. R. Yeats, John O'Leary, Alfred Percival Graves, Geo. W. Russell, William Larminie and several brilliant writers of equal fame. What an outlook! I remember him in reality. Ireland has awakened from her nightmare of oppression, bloodshed and forced ignorance, and will soon stand once more, in full view of all the world, the mother of literature and song.

The importance of the revival and development cannot be at all estimated. It means not only the salvation of the spiritual integrity of Ireland, but in view of the magical influences of the Celt upon general literature, is of vital interest to all musicians.

Charles Johnston, to whom Irish literature owes much, not only in the present case but also in the past, was born at Shillelagh, County Down, Feb. 17, 1867. His first school days were spent near Saul, St. Patrick's parish, from whence he went to Derby, England, in 1883, to finish his studies in Trinity College, Dublin, and entered the East Indian Civil Service in 1888. He went to India in 1889, and arrived in Indian capital in 1890. While in India he took up the study of the oriental languages, became master of Sanskrit and gained a considerable knowledge of several other eastern tongues. In 1896 Mr. Johnston came to America, with his wife, a Russian lady whom he married, and with a wife, a land of the czars, and who, by the way, has done much to enlighten the public of Russia on the Irish question.

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Here is a truth the world is waking up to: The best books, whether new or worse, written, for ten years now, in our common tongue, are the work of Irishmen. And another truth, that the world does not yet know: the sincerity and truth and faith in Ireland that mark these writers are almost wholly due to John O'Leary.

We have here to-day to think of John O'Leary as one of our splendid failures —those heroes of Ireland who went forth to battle, but always fell. In reality, he has gained a vital victory, of more value by far than would have been the political victory he fought, and suffered for seeking.

It is ten or twelve years now, since John O'Leary turned the thoughts of Young Ireland into this living channel. He had returned, after years of exile, to Ireland, a broken and feeble instrument; and had marked his return by a strong denunciation of the meaner methods, and less heroic aims, that then filled the minds of Irish leaders, and had failed to fire anything but the best food, to the Irish people. The political gospels that were then the fashion tended to him unworthy of honest men, much more of the men who would help to bring forth a new and nobler nation among the peoples of the day. As the upholder of a more heroic tradition, John O'Leary could take no active part in the struggles of politics, nor effectively which had taken the places, in men's minds, of the high principles by which alone they could find a successful revolution.

The years of his exile had made him familiar with the thoughts and speech of other countries, and the best books of modern Europe, in every land. His own keen intellectual energy had dissolved the mists of knowledge and kindled it into a radiance that might illumine other minds. And above and within the treasures of knowledge and knowledge that made rich his mind, he found an indomitable soul, and untamed will, a spirit soaring and free. He may not have recognized it then, but that invincible soul was the spirit of Ireland speaking through him: the spirit of a past most magical and full of heroic worth; the spirit of a future that shall make glad the world, and add new treasures to human life.

Thus richly endowed, and yet held back from the path of politics, John O'Leary became the centre of the most gifted among the Irish writers and thinkers; and it is noteworthy that the young writers, those just entering the path of life, found the closest sympathy and kinship in his spirit, with its lasting youth, firm faith and perennial hope. Then never was such a wise and shrewd observer of men: his judgments of those who were then leading the Irish people, brilliant and penetrating, were the unconscious expression of his own ideal of what a leader of Irishmen ought to be, and the inspiration, to the young men around him, of what Ireland's men should strive to do. He spoke of Parnell, with great admiration for his indomitable will, his unconquerable instinct of freedom, his magnetic personality, his unerring insight. "Parnell," he used to say, "is pure will and intellect, and the one because is that he has no imagination. He sees everything in a white light, in cold actuality. He has no glamour, no kinds of questions, which you cannot see the drift of at the time. He would say you will find that they are invariably tended toward something to be done; he could not understand literature at all. Moreover, he never understood Ireland, nor the Irish character with its rich fancy. I remember him once asking one of us, who really did not know Parnell, whether the people could be got to follow him in an agrarian movement, or whether it was hopeless to raise the question of the land at all. 'My only fear,' said the wiser Irishman, 'is that they will take you to the gates of hell, if need be.'"

Seven years ago there was much talk of Mr. Gladstone's death, and what that would mean for Ireland, and for the Home Rule schemes that then filled the air.

"It doesn't much matter," I remember John O'Leary saying, "whether Mr. Gladstone dies; what would matter—and would be a life calamity—would be to be the death of Parnell. For who would be able to take his place? There is only one man among them all with any gift of statesmanship at all—and a great gift it is—and that is Davitt. In other hands but these are formed, what would be enough, would keep the rest from falling into ruin."

In the light of events, during the seven years since then, how utterly wise were all of this has been justified. John O'Leary had the absolute instincts of the statesman. He was like no man as anything, that led him to object so strongly to the novel movement, and to reconcile the founders of New Tipperary.

Thus the young writers who gathered round him came to their leader. Their ideals, faces, many of them well known in Europe, will soon be familiar to all Irishmen and to many of the best Americans, who care for true books and true literature and art. Each one will be well to say something of their personalities; but, before doing that, a brief figure of those days of promise whom I must speak of first.

Miss O'Leary had the splendid gift of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of enthusiasm, that made the greatness of her brother. She, too, had shared in his great plans that failed, I cannot tell: but she certainly has given a abundant share of his punishment—if we can call that punishment, that is the privilege of suffering in a more enduring work. She watched over her exiled brother like a mother, cared for him as the devotion of a sister, and echoed the vibrations of his thought, with the loving sympathy of a sweetheart. On his return she made for him that warm and gentle home that Ireland, for a woman can, in which the finer powers of his imagination and intellect could unfold themselves, and make their influence felt on the thoughts and lives of those around them. With the passing away of that gentle soul, the period of promise for the new school of Irish writers ended, but ended in a performance that showed the true quality of the immortal and everlasting.

Among the writers whose names are well known, and well honored, there were many women; but the most gifted first of one, on whom fell early the tragedy of Irish genius, who was ever first to battle, and always fell. Rose Kavanaugh had the dark beauty of southern Italy, the fiery vibrating voice of a Portia. And there was a fire in her eyes telling of she ever knew her own fates, have played the warrior's part and played it well. She had written much and many of her songs; yet she left enough to show as great inherent power as any of them.

Katherine Tynan, more widely known than any writer of her sex, was the friend round John O'Leary, was a contrast in every way to Rose Kavanaugh. Fair and gentle, with the deeply religious tone of her poetry might have hidden unsuspected beneath it much military and satire, and epigram. She brought an element of cheerfulness, of humor, of the best poems of that richly productive time. And here we cannot but speak of the character of truth and sincerity that gives the verse of all these writers a worth greater than exquisite skill, or was the light of the morning.

Two more writers of verse, with a certain celestial fire of passion, were Dr. Sigerson's daughters, Dora and Hester; both of whom will be represented, when the time is ripe to select the best poems of that richly productive time. And here we cannot but speak of the character of truth and sincerity that gives the verse of all these writers a worth greater than exquisite skill, or striking fancy. They were all absolutely in earnest, singing from the heart, from a necessity of song, and never for the sake of possible admiration.

Among the men, I must put first the most richly gifted—W. B. Yeats, whose work does not yield in excellence and inspiration to that of any poet living, a born musician in words, rich in imagination, and full of wisdom concerning the heart of man. I hope soon to write of him more adequately, but this seems to me to be his greatest achievement—that he was the first to use a subject that was the ancient traditions of Ireland, in verse so excellent as to take its place at once as an acknowledged masterpiece. "The Wanderings of Oisin" will be remembered as the first great modern poem, whose theme is drawn from the old heroic life of Ireland.

George Russell was is less conspicuous figure at John O'Leary's evenings, and his somewhat fugitive and retiring personality answered to the delicate and almost unworldly quality of his verse.

Douglas Hyde was among John O'Leary's friends, the man of knowledge in the Gaelic field, the ambassador of that past which all Irishmen believe in, but few know or understand. His gifts in the Gaelic tongue are of most worth, when interpreting the old love song of the past, rather than when he deals with those of the present. Well known already, Douglas Hyde will soon be known as one of the delicate poets he has done will be succeeded by still better.

As representative of the old love of beauty and dignity, the spirit of the ancient Irish bards, was Ashe King, who stood for Art, and is now doing much to create a school of it, as they are lived in Ireland. He stood, if you will, for universal culture, a perpetual protest against the young Irishman that their work must ultimately be compared with the work of the immortals, a protest that has been said and sung in all lands throughout the ages.

There were many more numerous to record with full justice. Ashe King, the novelist; John Taylor, whose book the Irish Library has put within reach of us all; Dr. Sigerson, whose young virasity almost made him an object of aspiring beginners; George Coffey, whom we also have to thank for a number of ruins and raths, and who will make the stones of Irish Druids vocal once again, as they were in days of song and war, adding brilliancy to an evening.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Eachtra Shodaigh an Ghoiu Leathain. (The Adventures of Jack and the Grey Coat)

(AN LEANANNAIGH.)

"Gilbeadh," ar seisean, "deanfaidh me mar is reidhe as sin libh: na gabhshadar aon ni amhain in bhur measg uile do bhainfeas bhr dionas i rith i gceithre bliadhna." Do thugadar na daoine sin aire mor do dheoligh libh seth fileadh tar sin doirn' chroch fein arts gan imbuilt." Ach ni raibh aon fear dhe na hiri treithe feithmeasmhlaidh air ar labhrais is fear fein ar a dtugadh "Jack an Doirn" a bhaithis ar chuideas "ar Caol an Iarraing, "aon leoch amhain do bheatas geall rathaverma at bheidh aon ni aige ris nach bhfuil aon fear eile in ar gcrioch fein gan bhuaidreadh na cathughadh do chur orrasan, agus ni bheidh aon fear eile acu," ar Fionn, "an giolla iseuis ata againne, mar ata Caoilte mac Ronain, nil se an "an-baile do do labhairt, go deimhin, ach ni bheidh ag rith leatsa, agus a neoch bhfuil is e is coir dhuinn a dheanamh, ar seisean, ar chaoilte, muidne do dheanamh i bafochair an bh-Fiann agus caithreamh agus tathaidh do bheith againn i gcuideachta." Ni raibh aon fear ar chosan Chaoilte mac Ronain go Teamhar na riogh agus ni raibh aon fear ar chosan an Fhiann go leir a bfuil is ag rith," ar Caol an Iarraidh.

"Ni bheidh aon fear againn sa chir amhain," ar seisean, "go leor a bheidh againn le bfuil is ag rith," ar Caol an Iarraidh.

"Ni bheidh aon fear againn sa chir amhain Caoilte mac Ronain go Teamhar na riogh agus ni raibh aon fear ar chosan an Fhiann go leir a bfuil is ag rith," ar Caol an Iarraidh.

"Ni bheidh aon fear againn sa chir amhain Caoilte mac Ronain go Teamhar na riogh agus ni raibh aon fear ar chosan an Fhiann go leir a bfuil is ag rith, Chorsman na hEireann fiann o, agus beirfad chughaibh in sin é do bheith ag dul leis an ngiolla seo leat

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. William H. Crane.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Stuart Robson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Whirl of the Town."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Modjeska.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Way Down East."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE HEROIC "ANGLO-SAXON."

"The conquering Anglo-Saxons," the "heroic Anglo-Saxons," the "gallant Anglo-Saxons" who have carried the English flag all round the world," the "invincible Anglo-Saxons who conquered the greatest captain of modern times at Waterloo," and such like phrases are continually on the tongues or pens of the worshipers of the great Anglo-Saxon Mumbo Jumbo in England and their puny imitators in America. One would think from the inane drivelings of these mendacious falsifiers of history, that the mythical Anglo-men, and they alone, performed all the valorous actions which have illustrated England's history for the last hundred years; that Tommy Atkins was a genuine production of the slums of St. Giles, and yet English born men have been but a small fraction of the so-called English armies, and not more than one-fourth of the Tommy Atkinses were born in "the tight little island" which with genuine modesty claims them all, while more than half of them, in former times, were born in despised, abused persecuted Ireland. More is the pity. Of course no good Irishman has any pride in this shameful fact; but it is well occasionally to puncture the flatulent bubble of English pomposity, and to show that while the Irish and Scotch have been doing the fighting the "heroic Anglo-Saxons" have been staying at home enjoying the fruits of victories they did not win, and sneering at and abusing the men who did win them. The reliable New York Sun in a recent issue gives the following statistics which will probably surprise the Anglo-maniacs:

"The English people, though they are, as Lord Roseberry not long ago said, the predominant partners in the affairs of the United Kingdom, have not been conspicuously prominent when serious fighting was on hand. The official statistics of the nationalities of the troops composing Wellington's army in Spain in the war against Napoleon's generals, show that 74 per cent. of his troops were Celtic Scotch and Irish, and that of those put down as English large numbers were Celtic Welsh. But to come down to more recent times, it is in the memory of many how the English government during the Crimean war had to scour the continent of Europe, and even invaded the emigrant sheds of our American ports, in order to find men to go and fight for it against our Russian friends and allies."

Now if 74 per cent. of Wellington's troops were Celtic Irish and Scotch, at least 60 per cent. were Irish, and if they had remained at home, as they should have done, neither "night nor Blucher" would have saved the British. Long before the arrival of either, Napoleon would have driven them from the field, and they would be making the best of their way for Brussels with the victorious French at their heels. Napoleon would have returned triumphant to Paris, the exile of the Bourbons would have been made perpetual, the sad episode of St. Helena would have no place in history, the crowned robbers would not have met at Vienna, the map of Europe would not have been remodeled, and England defeated, humiliated and crushed to the earth with debt would have sunk to the rank of a fourth rate power. "Let us speak the truth if the heavens fall." Irish troops having saved their accursed enemy from destruction, they and those of their countrymen who have filled the ranks of England's armies since then, are responsible before God and man for all the untold sufferings Ireland has endured for the last seventy years. Why then blame the enemy

"For the wrongs ourselves have wrought?"

If in spite of all this Irishmen will continue to take "the blood-stained Saxon shilling," and by doing so enable England to continue to trample their country into the dust, why should we trouble ourselves about them? As we have often said before, "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow." If the young men of Ireland are in earnest in desiring liberty let them stop at once and forever enlisting in the ranks of the enemy, and reserve themselves for the time when they may be called on to strike a blow in their own cause; and if that time does not come in their day, at least let them tell England to fight her own battles. This conduct will gain them the respect of every man who loves honesty and consistency throughout the world; it will weaken the enemy and strengthen the cause of Ireland. If they insist on fighting England's battles let them be abandoned to their fate.

We may add that after all the extremely creditable efforts cited by the Sun, England having been still unable to furnish the contingent which her agreement with France bound her to do, was compelled, as in the days of our Revolution and the Rebellion of '98, to hire foreign mercenaries to do the fighting which her own gallant population declined to do. So the King of Sardinia being long on men and short of funds agreed to sell a few thousand of his wretched subjects to stop Russian bullets in a quarrel in which neither he, nor they, had the slightest interest. Russell of the London Times sneeringly alludes to these poor creatures as "sardines done up in English tin!" Now behold the military capacity of the British government. After the motley contingent was at the front the imbecility of the commissary and quartermaster's departments was such that they were utterly unable to supply the men with food and clothing, and during the terrible Crimean winter they would have perished of cold and hunger had not the French come to their aid with food and clothing.

And now for the fighting. What a a pitiful contrast poor decrepit Simpson presented to the brilliant Pelessier and the heroic McMahon, and how absurd the "shaw bacons," who were hurried into the service from the rural districts of England and rushed to Sevastopol before they knew how to load their muskets, looked beside the dare-devil Zouaves and the splendid French regiments of the line. The English sat down before the Redan, and the French before the Malakoff. Raglan's parallels were full 600 yards from the Russian works. When the order was given to capture the walls, in crossing over that distance the English were shot down like sheep. One young Irish officer, who was afterward called "Redan Massey," with a few others, got inside the works and were promptly bayoneted, and Massey was thrown bodily over the walls almost dead. In the meantime the brave Anglo-Saxons beat an inglorious retreat to the shelter of their breastworks. The French commander sent to enquire if Simpson would make another assault, and the reply was that he would wait until the morning. Like his countryman, Ingoldsby, at Fontenoy, he had tasted the physic and wanted no more of it.

Then began the French attack. Their parallels had been skillfully pushed almost to the Russian works, and of course fewer men fell when the assault was made; but, even then, the French were repulsed. Of course they fell back. But did they wait until morning like their British allies? By no means. Their blood was up and the attack was renewed six times, and failed as often. Then there was a pause. What for? Why to obtain permission to sing "The Marseillaise." Permission was granted. Then swelled up the stormy music which had so ofted startled kings on their thrones, and as the grand refrain rang high above the roar of battle, the Zouaves leading the forlorn hope, the final and victorious rush was made. Those were the men for whom death had no terrors. They were the sons of the men who bore

"The tri-color
Through Europe uncontrolled."

And in the spirit of those sires who had followed the star of the mighty Napoleon from the Seine to the Volga death was nothing, while the glory of France was everything. The smoke of battle was their natural atmosphere, and through it they went pell mell up to and over the fiercely defended works, bayoneting the gallant Russians at their guns and planting the standard of France in haughty triumph over the captured walls of the Malakoff. When morning dawned the Russians had retreated, the promised English assault was indefinitely postponed. So much for Anglo-Saxon bravery in the last war England has had with any great power up to date.

JACKASSERY IN WEXFORD.

At a meeting held in Wexford town hall, Wednesday week, there was a large attendance of those who wished to celebrate the centennial of the Rebellion of 1798 in proper form. The meeting was unfortunate in the choice of its chairman, one Michael Browne, a poor law guardian. He felt called upon to say that the meeting had no sympathy with "unconstitutional methods" or "secret societies." Mr. Browne must be a pretty poor specimen of Wexford manhood, and the people who listened to and did not rebuke him were about as bad as himself. The upshot of the meeting was that a shilling subscription should be raised to pay for masses for the men who died in the rebellion, and that what might remain be devoted to the erection of a monument.

We think the provision for masses is in execrable taste, because some of the best and bravest men who died for Ireland, in 1798, were non-Catholics, and they, of course, would not benefit by the masses. Besides, we think the clergy of Wexford would say masses, if they are necessary, free of cost, especially as some of the chief victims were priests. The proposition looks to us like an insult to the church. The martyrs of '98 will have been dead a century next year. We don't believe their souls are now in purgatory; for they suffered martyrdom in a good and holy cause, and, no doubt, went to heaven direct, or, at least, soon after death. In any case, Michael Browne and his friends should refrain from giving the celebration a sectarian character, when they remember Bagenal Harvey, Esmond Kyan, John Colclough and other gallant Protestant gentlemen who mingled their blood for Ireland with that of Fathers Murphy, Roche, Clinch, Kerens and Redmond. Ireland is ever strangely cursed by jackasses in human shape, like this man Browne.

SHOOTING ENGLISH "SNIPE."

If there is a more offensive animal in creation than the aggressive Anglo-Saxon it is the Anglo-Irishman, whose instincts never rise higher than the spaniel, who shows his servile condition by licking the hand that smites him, and crawling around the foot which spurns him. While we abhor the former our only feeling for the latter is one of loathing and contempt as for a creature of a lower species. Ireland, however, is not the only nation which has been cursed by the presence of such creatures. The vilest and most malignant of all America's enemies were the native born Tories, most of whom were deported with their dishonored idol, the British government, yet a few of them were left behind to reproduce the poisonous microbe known to science as the Anglomaniac; but these are so harmless as to merit no serious consideration, their offensive effluvia being all that is left to recognize them by. We were much pleased a few days since by reading a report of a mass meeting held in Dublin, in which the gallant Afridis (God prosper them) who are now heroically defending their mountain homes against the English land pirates were cheered to the echo. As might be expected this raised the ire of the chief pirates in England, and one of their organs, the London Spectator, gave vent to its fury in this style:

"The Irishmen then assembled in a meeting the object of which is to announce themselves once more as the true Home Rulers, and the fitting spokesmen of the entire party, so hate England that they hope to see her defeated, even by savages. There is no question of general sympathy with rebellion in the matter, for the Afridis are not our subjects, but an independent clan who made for money a contract whice they have broken; and as they are Musculmans, who never heard of Ireland, their sole claim on Irish sympathy is their hostility to the British name."

Precisely so, Mr. Englishman; it is a matter of no consequence to Irishmen whether the British are defeated by civilized or savage peoples—the important matter being that they are defeated. Any race, clan, tribe or people who are "hostile to the British name" have a claim on Irish sympathy, which will not be overlooked now nor in the future. During the 18th century 400,000 of the very elite of our race died in the service of France, whose "sole claim on Irish sympathy was hostility to the British name."

This Britisher is a very ignorant specimen of his tribe if he does not know that deep and undying hatred of "the British name" and crown is a sacred heritage, which has been handed down from "bleeding sire to son" for seven hundred years, and that the Irishmen of today hate the pirates as if they had landed yesterday. The editor of the Waterford Citizen—who misrepresents the home of the soldier orator, Thomas Francis Meagher by publishing the Spectator article approvingly—knows this better than his Saxon masters, but true to the instincts of his slavish nature hastens to yelp that he is not an Irishman, but only that cold blooded thing called a West Briton, and no one will dispute that paltry fact. But continues the Spectator:

"Indeed, the case is even worse than this. Thousands of the troops about to contend with the clansmen are Irishmen, Celtic Irishmen, Celtic Catholic Irishmen, all of them without exception volunteers, and they are not only shot down in battle by these Afridis, which is all fair, but they are 'sniped,' that is, in reality, murdered by adroit shooting from behind rocks when they are off their guard. And yet because they are fighting for the British cause, which is also the cause of Ireland, and indeed, in one way, of the whole world, which benefits by the taming of wild men, an Irish meeting hopes that they will be defeated, that is, slaughtered in hundreds, put to shame, and made afraid to go on with their beneficial work. The bitterness is so bitter that it extinguishes among Irishmen who feel it even sympathy with their own relatives, who are at least illustrating the gallantry of the national temper."

Alas, yes, that is Ireland's blackest disgrace. Among her sons can still be found "Irishmen, Celtic Irishmen, Celtic Cawtholic Irishmen," base born Irishmen, denationalized Irishmen, traitor Irishmen, godless, soulless Irishmen, recreants to their country, their faith, their fathers and their God, who generation after generation, sell themselves for far less than a mess of pottage to the heartless Saxon, and

"Go to slay the free and brave
Whose wrongs with wrath the world is filling,"

and die like dogs ("unwept, unhonored and unsung") in the service of a people who hate and despise them even when they are fighting their battles. Oh, but, says the Spectator, they are "sniped by adroit shooting from behind rocks when they are off their guard." Well, what better fate do they deserve? What better are they than red handed robbers and murderers of men who never wronged them.

"Who ever recked, how where or when
The prowling wolf is trapped or slain?"

"Sniped," indeed; and from behind rocks too; sensible, level headed Afridis, adroit sons of Islam, prudent careful Mahomedans, that is the way to meet the English marauders. Many respectable precedents exist in America for this time honored system of ridding the world of the world's oppressors. It began on a fine April morning at a small town called Concord, where the Yankee farmer fired the shot that was heard around the world. But that was only the beginning for

"In the books we've read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm yard wall,
Chasing the red coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load."

Thus they "sniped" them into Boston town, and out again on that blessed St. Patrick's Day in the morning in 1776, never to return again forever more. Another fine exhibition of "sniping" was given during Burgoyne's march to Saratoga, where he was so badly "sniped" that he surrendered horse, foot and artillery, and then returned 'ome to relate his experience of Yankee "snipe" shooting. And so it went on until that ever glorious 19th of October, 1782, when the last of the English snipe surrendered to Washington and Rochambeau and their gallant armies. But by far the most successful example of shooting English snipe was accomplished at New Orleans when, under the direction of the grand old Irish-American, Andrew Jackson, 2,117 men, including two generals, seven colonels, seventy-five line and staff officers were "sniped" by a few Kentucky and Tennessee hunters, who from behind their breastworks accomplished the above remarkable feat in less than an hour, our loss being only six killed and six wounded. Not desiring to test any further the skill of the hunters from Kentucky, the ragged remnant of Pakenham's Peninsulars plunged headlong into the waves of the Gulf, where they were picked up in a badly demoralized condition by their boats and carried ingloriously to England, since which time no hostile English foot has pressed the free soil of America.

Away off in South Africa, Oom Paul's Boers, led by the Irish Fenian Aylward at Majuba Hill, "sniped" a regiment or two of British Red Coats, and more recently Jamieson's cattle thieves and land pirates were "sniped" in excellent style by those same gallant Boers; more power to their elbows! In the mysterious regions of the Upper Nile El Mahdi's desert warriors have done very creditable "sniping" for savages. From the dense silence which has prevailed in that region of late, it would seem that the snipe have been brought up by a round turn. We earnestly hope so. After all these extremely disastrous experiences in snipe shooting, it is not at all strange that the Anglo-Saxons do not admire that kind of sport. But we ardently hope that the good work will go on until the entire brood of "snipe," English, Scotch, Irish and recreant Indians are welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves, and may their fate be a solemn warning to our own countrymen at home to attend to their own business and let England attend to hers!

The assumption that "the British cause is also the cause of Ireland" is one of those monstrous falsehoods which could only originate in an Anglo-Saxon brain. There never was, there is not now, and there never will be a moment of time when any cause in which England is engaged can by any possibility be Ireland's cause. Perish the unholy thought. Sooner will oil and water mingle into a single substance, sooner shall light and darkness become a united essence, sooner shall the trembling lamb and the ravening wolf gambol joyously together, sooner shallNiagara lift up his mighty torrent and hurl it into the upper lakes, sooner let Ireland sink beneath the Atlantic's billows and our name and race perish utterly from the earth, than that the cause of the English enemy of God and man should ever be ours.

THE ENGLISH "AFRAIDIS" LICKED AGAIN.

The "great English bull-dog fighters" got licked beautifully in the Maidan Valley, India, on Wednesday. The force was under General Westmacott, and consisted of the Northamptonshire and Dorsetshire regiments of English infantry and a Sikh regiment. The Afridis attacked them with desperation and the English fled in terrible disorder, with an acknowledged loss, no doubt underestimated, of fifty killed and wounded. One lieutenant and twelve men are missing. The British General acted bravely and was, as a soldier, worthy of a braver following.

THE IRISH FAIR.

"To be a success, in the true meaning of the word, the Irish Fair must be judged by more than its financial results." The foregoing is the idea of the men who are working on the Committee of Arrangements, and also is the idea embodied in the name or title of the Emmet Memorial Hall.

The broad-gauge minds of the leading members of the A. O. H. are hopeful that the work of the Fair will result in the unification of the Irish-Americans of our city and the opening of a new era in the history of the Irish National cause in the west.

Were the members of the Ancient Order possessed of or actuated by a selfish or a narrow spirit they would have styled the event a Hibernian Fair and the edifice a Hibernian Hall; but with their characteristic devotion to the principles embodied in their noble motto, "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," they have selected "Irish" as inclusive of all their race and "Emmet" as expressive of the noblest ideal which animates and sustains their people at home or abroad. So noble a devotion, so splendid an attempt to destroy forever the seeds of faction should win the endorsement of every one in whose veins flows Celtic blood, irrespective of class, religion or party.

We reserve comment on the reported disbandment of a battalion of the 7th regiment, I. N. G., until next week.

NEWSPAPER editors are shaking their heads over the decay of the Irish whisky trade in Great Britain. The canny Scot has beaten our product badly; and no wonder. The Irish whisky sold in England is fit only for outward application in cases of severe cold. It can at times be substituted for Elliman's Embrocation or St. Jacob's Oil. The fault lies at the door of certain home exporters. They made a big profit by sending across the Channel German spirit done up in bottles with Irish looking labels—stuff that would take the paint off a police barrack door.—Weekly Independent.

THAT was a naive suggestion made by the London Chronicle's correspondent—to have the British War office offer bounties for Irishmen and Scotchmen to enlist, as the English had grown too effeminate to fight!

THE Pawtucket, R. I. Evening Tribune, edited by Mr. Thomas Hamilton Murray, says: "The Tribune is glad to learn that the Newport artillery contemplates a visit to Paris. One of the most absorbing chapters in Newport history is that relating to the visit of our French allies during the Revolution. The names of Rochambeau, De Ternay, Chastelleux, Viomenil, Montesquieu, Lameth, Berthier, Montmorency, Dillon and the rest are still fondly recalled in Newport. The great French battleships—Duc de Bourgogne, Conquerant, Provence, Surveillant, Amazone—are not forgotten, nor are the gallant regiments that landed on Rhode Island soil—Bourbonnais, Soissonnais, Saintonge, Royal Deux Ponts and the other corps. We hope that the Newport artillery on its coming visit to France will not neglect to again express Rhode Island's gratitude."

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

CHANGED.

BY KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON.

Sometimes, at mystic eventide,
The stream sings softly low,
Of waning days its banks beside
Beneath the sunset's glow,
Comes back, as comes a happy dream,
The love of olden days,
The sunlight splendor on the stream
Reflects its golden rays.

There is a change in leaf and flower,
A change in sun ray's sheen,
And changed—on ivied wall and tower,
The night-tide's starry gleam.
A loneliness is over all,
Vague, undefined and strange,
While lonely, echoes memory's call
Across the mists of change.

CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL.

The list of patronesses for the Catholic Charity Ball is a guarantee of its social success, a certain augury of increased proceeds for division among the charitable enterprises for the aid of which the ball is given. The list was announced by the associated committees of the Catholic Woman's National League on Saturday, Nov. 6, together with the membership of the executive committee. A second general meeting of committees will be held toward the close of the week. The invitations for the ball will be issued within a few days, and floor and reception committees will also be announced. Nearly half of the boxes have been already disposed of, and the remaing twenty will be sold at auction at the Auditorium, Saturday, by Mrs. Austin J. Doyle, chairman of the box committee. The list of patronesses is as follows:

Mesdames C. H. Harrison, C. Henrotin, A. Plamondon, H. Washburne, W. S. Thurber, W. J. Chalmers, J. S. Cooke, M. Sellers, M. Morris, W. Hesing, W. M. Crilly, H. L. Borden, V. Lawson, W. A. Amberg, C. Whitgreave, C. A. Dupree, J. C. Carroll, Leon Mandel, A. Brosseau, Z. P. Brosseau, J. B. Interrieden, J. Wolford, W. J. Quan, R. Tuthill, James Walsh, D. W. Baker, A. Cummings, J. Downey, R. P. Gormully, F. Henrotin, C. F. Mather Smith, L. B. Shattuck, W. P. Rend, H. J. Hall, A. W. Green, J. A. Edwards, H. G. Selfridge, L. Schlesinger, J. Bidwell, A. Gartz, Arthur Dixon, T. E. Copelin, H. L. Hertz, K. Harrington, J. F. Finerty, H. H. Kohlsaat, W. J. Hynes, E. J. Lehman, J. J. Marshall, H. Lytton, Edward Morris, W. J. Bulger, J. S. Casey, J. Prindiville, H. J. Powers, T. F. Mullaney, J. W. Niles, J. A. Mulligan, K. Prindiville, R. C. Newton, P. F. Ryan, A. Pyott, M. Shields, R. Travers, C. Spaulding, C. Clark, M. Corrigan, J. F. Flaherty, P. J. Healy, G. Featherstone, M. D. Hardin, W. F. McLaughlin, C. A. Mair, P. H. Welch, D. Sullivan W. F. Manson, T. A. Moran, L. E. Lawson, P. J. Hennessy, A. Revell, C. H. Bohannon, D. F. Crilly, John Dadie, N. Nelson, G. W. Kretzinger, J. Sackley, John Langan, J. O'Connell, R. W. Patterson, J. Sullivan, C. P. Monahan, J. W. Sweeney, John Burke, B. Callahan, M. Burke, J. McDonald, G. G. Hill, M. B. Herely, F. A. Devlin, P. J. Garaghty, J. T. Keating, C. W. Partridge, R. Ortmann, W. H. Rehm, W. F. Mahoney, T. W. Sennott, E. N. Hurley, R. M. Hooley, Milton Kirk, R. H. Sadler, M. W. Kerwin, J. E. Martin, C. E. Kremer, J. McEwen; Misses K. Feehan, Ada Sweet, Mary Vaughn, R. Gallery.

The membership of the executive committee is as follows: Mrs. J. C. Robinson, chairman; Mmes. A. J. Doyle, M. W. Ryan, F. R. Lamb, J. E. Eagle, Thomas Gahan, J. B. Murphy, C. Plamondon, M. Cudahy, M. Benner, J. McMahon, J. M. Smyth, J. Kipley, P. H. Heffron, R. C. Sullivan, J. Donnersberger, P. P. O'Donnell, M. McDermott, T. A. Cantwell, A. O'Neill, A. Sullivan, C. S. O'Meara, G. P. Vosbrink, M. D. Flavin, P. T. Barry, M. J. Breen, T. Webb, M. Brewster, D. F. Bremner, A. G. Dayton, J. W. Trainor, D. J. Swenie, W. H. Ebbert, E. Baggot, W. P. Dietz, T. G. English, B. A. E. Landergren, P. Nacey, J. J. Swenie, E. Hennessey, J. M. Carroll, A. Lydon, G. Garraghen, J. J. Fitzgibbon, P. McMahon, J. M. Reddy, J. L. Murray, P. Leonard, R. Walsh, J. L. Burke, M. J. La Bounte, W. Eagle, G. L. Sauter, T. J. Sullivan, J. Gately, C. H. Bailey, J. L. Barry, J. W. Twohy, M. J. Corboy, G. F. Parker, W. Alexander, J. Klassen, K. T. Kelly, W. H. Lyman, D. F. Burke, H. J. Fitzgerald, F. O'Donnell, H. Cox, A. J. Graham, A. Flannagan, C. Lynch, J. J. Kelly, C. Murphy, T. F. Judge, T. J. Gannon, J. Marchal, A. Hawxhurst, T. L. Dillon, W. Hersly, J. W. Bernard, W. E. Gallagher; Misses Alice Keary, Sallie Toole, Sarah O'Brien, Manning, A. Walsh, Dr. A. E. Dwyer, C. Goggin, M. F. White, E. A. Smyth, Kate Hopkins, Anna Ratty, Mary Smith, Josie Boland, Emma Lantry, K. McLaughlin, E. Kehoe.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions were passed by the Curran Club on Nov. 7:

WHEREAS, The scythe of death, that regards not the fitness of things, and spares not in its fatal course, has stricken from our midst, in the flower of his young manhood, Brother Patrick J. O'Neil, leaving a beloved wife unprotected and children whom he adored fatheriess; therefore be it

Resolved, That this club extend its sincere sympathy to the widow and orphans of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That the death of our late comrade and officer leaves a void in our ranks that can never be filled. He was a true American, whose pulse had never ceased to beat but in unison with those who have at heart the cause of Irish liberty.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our club, and a copy be sent to the relict of our late brother, and published in THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and the Irish World.

Edmond Lynch, Edward Cunningham, John J. Bradley, Committee.

Scrofula is the advertisement of foul blood. It may be entirely driven from the system by the faithful use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly purifies the blood.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness. 25c.

THE IRISH FAIR.

An Interesting Prospectus of the Great "Coming Event" which is to Give the Irish-Americans of Chicago a Hall and Home of Their Own.

What the Fair will Offer to the Public in the Way of Attractions—Ireland to be Transported "Bodily" to Chicago for Ten Days and Nights.

The Emerald Isle in all its virgin beauty is to be picked up, carted, shipped, railroaded and finally transplanted in the heart of the great western metropolis—Chicago. The scheme for the mammoth undertaking has been gone over with all the secrecy incidental to a Fenian movement, and although the Scotland Yard police have been on the alert to save the British kingdom the ignominy of losing its pet possession, yet the fact remains that within a month's time Blarney Castle with all its attendant historic vales and hills will be planted far beyond the reach of her majesty Queen Vic.

This is the result of an enterprising movement set afoot by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Chicago, who have undertaken what they are pleased to term "A Great Irish Fair." It will be remembered that some time ago New York attempted to hold a similar entertainment, but through lack of individual enterprise on the part of the management of the affair, it proved but a partial success. The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Chicago are made of different material, however, as is forcibly demonstrated by the amount of go-aheaditiveness manifested by all those who are working toward the success of the great enterprise.

Considering the fact that the plan has been under consideration less than a month, and the gigantic strides that have been accomplished toward assuring Chicago the most elaborate entertainment of its kind ever before attempted by any organization in that short space of time, the Chicago public will certainly be treated to a surprise when the doors of Battery D and the Second Regiment armory are thrown open on the 4th of December. Then, again, the aim and object of the enterprise immediately places it upon a plane where every public spirited citizen of Chicago will feel honored at the opportunity offered to assist in raising the funds necessary for the erection of an Emmet Memorial hall.

At the present time there is expended annually about $12,000 in rentals for meeting places for the Hibernians, and it is for the purpose of overcoming this vast outlay that the proposed Emmet hall is under consideration. The several branches of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Chicago will thus be enabled to have a place of meeting in the central part of the city, where they will be able to hold their meetings and dances and other social functions during the winter months.

Immediately following the closing of the New York Irish Fair, which was held in Madison Square Garden, the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Chicago began discussions as to the advisability of holding a similar entertainment in Chicago, but it was not until the early part of October that plans were really perfected for the successful outcome of the enterprise.

Some of the features of this unique class of entertainment will be decided novelties in their creation. Of these a principal feature will be a relief map of Ireland, and it is here that the hand of the artist is given full scope. Every curve, twist and wriggle of the land of the green will be faithfully carried out to the most minute detail. The entire center of Battery D will be devoted to this portion of the exhibit. The different counties will bear special tokens of familiarity. All the visitors will recognize the exact spot where they first saw the light of day, excepting of course that portion of the visitors who effected their debut in some other quarter.

Some few of our politicians will be given an opportunity of indulging in a few wishes that are bound to be realized. This mystic portion of the entertainment will be found in the space allotted to the famous wishing chair of St. Kevin.

It is understood on good authority that President McKinley and Mark Hanna will each take a try and wish for prosperity. So the country can rest easy again, for whoever sits in St. Kevin's chair and makes a wish is sure to be lucky.

Another feature will be the reproduction of the famous Blarney Castle. This unique element of interest will be located in its proper position on the miniature Emerald Isle. Native soil, fresh from the hillocks and the braes, will cover the entire plot, and surrounding Blarney Castle proper will be several trees.

Every attendant at the Fair will be garbed in the picturesque rough and ready costume of the native laddybuck; shillalaghs and shamrocks will intermingle with a profusion typical of a day at Donnybrook Fair, although the management has promised that, contrary to ancient custom, there will be no heads cracked during the season of festivities.

When the matter was first proposed to the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, less than a month ago, a committee was appointed to further the project and bring it to a successful head. The following were appointed: Lawrence Henely, Chairman; M. E. Lynch, Treasurer; John T. Keating, Secretary. The executive committee consisted of the above mentioned and P. J. Reynolds, W. J. Doherty, F. J. Conroy and J. J. Lamb. This committee, in conjunction with officers appointed, organized working committees in each of their several divisions and the greatest of success has been reported from all quarters.

Eight meetings have been held thus far, all of which have been well attended by those interested in having Chicago record the greatest Irish Fair ever held in this country, and from now on until the time of opening the Fair, on the 4th of December, meetings will be held in different sections of the city every night.

The Cross of Glendoloch will be another strong feature of interest to many of the visitors, as will also the Irish Jaunting Car, which comes all the way from Dublin to take part in the Chicago festivities, as does also a cute little donkey of more or less frisky propensities.

During the entire season of opening special entertaining features will be arranged for each day. These, in part, will consist of Irish concerts, jig dancing, bag-pipes, and many other delightful surprises.

An Irish band will keep the visitor in good humor with a fantastic rendition of the old-time popular Irish melodies, which will keep the feet of the lads and the lassies all a tremble.

Taking the Irish Fair altogether it promises to be one of the most entertaing and instructive ever furnished the Chicago public, and the loyal Irishmen who have been giving their money to landlords of other races in exchange for hall rentals should grasp this opportunity to establish themselves independently.

A feature nearly overlooked in this series of anticipated pleasurable happenings, will be the array of the several brands of celebrated "Irish Tea," which will be at the disposal of the visitor during the hours of entertainment.

Get Into Correspondence

And obtain rates and complete particulars regarding "Sunset Limited." Finest first-class limited train to California in three days. Chicago & Alton ticket office, 101 Adams street; Southern Pacific ticket office, 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

IRISH NEWS.

Dr. Kenny, city coroner, held an inquest in the Meath hospital recently on the remains of Michael Horal, who died from the effects of being run over by a cart at Walkington, near Crumlin.

Major-General Lloyd, J. P., of Beech Mount, Rathkeale, and Dr. J. O'Shaughnessy, J. P., have been appointed deputy lieutenants of the county and city of Limerick respectively.

A farmer named Kelly, of Ballinagare, met with a terrible death recently. He went into a paddock in which some bulls were kept, and one of the animals attacked him, inflicting such injuries that the unfortunate man succumbed shortly afterwards. Deceased was 65 years of age, and was much respected.

A man named George Graham, while engaged in raising a boat sunk in the river which flows through a yard belonging to Mr. Graham, Loughrea, hauled out a bag which contained the remains of a child. The legs, heart and lungs were missing.

A serious affray took place week before last between two farmers named Torley and Kenny, residing at Cappalutra, between Shannon bridge and Banagher. A dispute arose about a gateway, with the result that Torley, it is alleged, inflicted several wounds on Kenny with a pitchfork. Dr. Kerns stated that Kenny's condition was such as might result in death at any moment, and Torley was accordingly placed under arrest.

Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., accompanied by Mr. Field, M.P., visited Ennis last month. They will visit several portions of Clare during their stay. This being Mr. Field's first visit, the workingmen accorded him a hearty welcome.

With reference to the maintenance of lunatics in workhouses, the Naas Guardians have appointed a deputation to wait on the chief secretary with a view to having pauper idiots removed from workhouses to places more fitted for their proper treatment.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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GOD SAVE IRELAND!

30th MORTUARY ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

MANCHESTER MARTYRS,

ALLEN, LARKIN and O'BRIEN,

Will Be Celebrated Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 23, 1897.

HON. CARTER H. HARRISON Will Preside.

FRANK J. RYAN WILL READ THE ADDRESS AND RESOLUTIONS.

MISS MAUD GONNE, The Irish "Joan of Arc," Will Deliver an Address,

JAMES F. EGAN, Representing the Amnesty Association of Ireland, Will also Address the Meeting.

MISS BESSIE O'BRIEN, Graduate from Madame Marchesi's School of Vocal Music, Paris, Will Sing.

The rest of the Programme will be announced Next Week.

Reserved Seats can be secured ONLY at the Box Office on Nov. 20, 22 and 23. Scale of Prices: Entire Lower Floor, $1.00; First Balcony, 75c; Second Balcony, 50c. Boxes: Lower Floor, $10.00; First Balcony, $7.00.

Barber Shop, Bath Rooms,

And all accessories of luxurious travel on "Sunset Limited." Twice a week and only three days to California. Write for rates and pamphlet, giving complete particulars. Chicago & Alton ticket office, 101 Adams street; Southern Pacific ticket office, 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

John Toomey, gatekeeper, Poulaphuca, who beat his wife so brutally that for a time her life was pronounced in danger, was sent to jail for two months with hard labor. His wife appeared in court and made a strong appeal for mercy for her "tender" spouse.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

California Excursions.

Personally conducted. Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Burlington Route to Denver, thence via Denver & Rio Grande Railway (the scenic line of the world). Parties travel in Pullman tourist sleeping cars fitted with every convenience, which go through to California and are in charge of special agents of long experience. For particulars address T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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No Charge to Employer or Employed. Services Absolutely free of cost.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4092.

GREAT LANDLORDS.

ASTOR PROPERTY IN NEW YORK WORTH NEARLY $200,000,000.

There Is No Sentiment In the Management of This Vast Property—Tenants Must Face the Music—Not Very Progressive and Wait For Others to Lead.

We are all inclined to regard the great American landlord with disfavor. He is associated in our minds with the idea of high rents, demanded the instant they are due, with unfulfilled promises as to repairs and little improvements that would add so much to our comfort and with many other small annoyances that make him the man terrible, the man unfaithful, the man hostile.

Through the obscurity of these prejudices it is doubtful if many of us see him clearly or judge him fairly. According as we are near moving day or not and as we secure repairs we are apt to regard him as a very disagreeable person, indeed, with few of the higher human attributes or else the reverse, and in the meantime we pay rent and tolerate him because he continues to exist and the law protects him.

Perhaps the best example of the American landlord is Astor, or rather the Astors. The interests of this famous New York family are so numerous and so extensive, so widely distributed and so varied in character, that as landlords they hold sway over all classes of society, occupying every kind of structure. Then, too, the Astors are typical in that no sentiment enters into the management of their properties, and, after all, this is true of the management of most real estate in this city.

As landlords the Astors demand the market rate for rents, and they demand it the first of every month or quarter, as the case may be. Sooner than make material concessions in the amount to be paid on a lease the Astors will allow a house to remain vacant, not one season or year only, but two, three or more years, and if then a good tenant is not at hand the building will be altered, provided the condition of the neighborhood requires it. It is apparent, therefore, that the Astors get the figures they ask. These are not the highest paid, for the estates take no risks, but they are well up to the average.

No one possibly requires more assurance of responsibility in tenants than the Astors. References as to character and financial standing must be forthcoming if you would be an Astor tenant, and they must be more than paper references, for they will be investigated carefully. If you are unknown or cannot show who you are and what you have got, and that you are fairly certain of being able to meet the rent for the term of the lease, do not try to rent an Astor house. You will be refused.

As a matter of fact, the Astor rent rolls, if one could secure copies of them, would be an excellent commercial directory, far more reliable within the limited sphere, perhaps, than anything ever attempted in this city. Ninety-five per cent of the persons whose names are on them pay the rent they agreed to pay on the first of every month. Those on the rolls who do not disappear when their leases are up or before if possible. The Astors are not hard landlords, but they are very businesslike, and the dispossess proceeding is resorted to whenever occasion demands.

Though of Dutch stock the Astors have no feeling of friendliness for the liquor traffic. The saloon keeper is not wanted, even at the high rates he offers, and neither is any other sort of tenant who is likely to clash with the police. From time to time, of course, persons not in favor with the authorities creep into Astor properties, but when discovered they are ousted as quickly and as quietly as possible.

So far as improvements go, the estates are behind many of the other large landlords and a host of the smaller ones. Up to a very recent period the management of the family possessions was exceedingly unprogressive, and it is hardly up to what might be expected of it yet. It is urged in defense of this policy that various sections of the city in which Astor holdings are large are at present undergoing a change and that alterations appropriate in character will be made later. That is the trouble with the Astors. They are always backward in aiding a change. Their conservatism holds them in check, while smaller and weaker men take the risk, and often they stand in the way of progress by presenting immense blocks of property directly in the line of great improvements. If changes are effected all around them, they will alter also, but they are always the last to do so.

In the matter of individual repairs, decorations and the like they are not liberal, but they have the reputation of doing what they promise. Usually residences are put in order before the new tenant goes in, and then the occupant has got to be very careful. It is not expected by the estates that much money will be spent upon the house except at long intervals.

The Astors hold few tenements and flats directly, though they own the ground upon which hundreds of such structures stand. This kind of building is not popular with either branch of the family, and they only have to do with it so far as receiving leasehold rents are concerned. Dwellings in great number and comprising all kinds, from one bringing in hundreds yearly to one yielding thousands, and business and office buildings and hotels are chiefly the income producers aside from the leasehold properties.

How much those rents amount to perhaps only the Astors can tell, but the real estate of the two branches of the family is worth nearly $200,000,000, according to a conservative estimate, and most of it is rented. If it averaged 5 per cent, the yield would be $9,000,000 to $10,000,000 a year, to be divided between two men.—New York Herald.

CAUGHT A WALKING FISH.

It Had No Gills, but Had Four Legs and Knew How to Use Them.

Frank Davey, the photographer, is the possessor of a very strange fish, which after having exhibited to a number of friends while still alive he put into alcohol to keep. The fish is known to some people here, but is quite rare. Its home is in the deep water, and if the story told by the Chinaman who procured it—namely, that the catch was made in comparatively shallow water just outside of the harbor—is to be depended on the occurrence is indeed unusual.

It is about three inches in length and when alive was of a bright yellow hue, with spots of black here and there. Its mouth is quite large, and the part of the body nearest is correspondingly large. It then tapers off to a small tail, but the peculiar part is that there are no gills, or what are popularly known as such. Where these should be the skin is just as it is all over the body. At a distance of about half an inch and protruding from the belly near the central part are what might be called arms or legs. They are jointed and have some ten very fine claws. These, together with another pair farther anterior, the fish, when alive, used to walk about with on the bottom of the jar in which it was contained.

It would show fight instantly when approached and gave every sign of being endowed with the spirit of the evil one, bristling up its fins, snapping its sharp teeth, elevating a sharp, knifelike appendage on the top of its nose and sending two currents of water from holes or false gills just back of the large, armlike appendages mentioned above.

When the fish was killed and placed in alcohol, the bright yellow disappeared entirely and left in its place a whitish color.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

DIPLOMACY.

The Astute Mayor Knew How to Help Along His Own Town.

A number of indignant citizens had filed into the office of the mayor of a small but progressive town.

"We called," said the spokesman of the party, "to see about your announcement that you would fight to the bitter end the proposal of those two railroad companies to lay tracks so as to connect."

"Well," was the reply, "what of it?"

"You don't deny saying it, then?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet you call yourself a wide awake man, competent to look after the interests of an ambitious community like this?"

"I am doing my best to deserve approval."

"Don't you realize that the junction of those two roads is one of the best things that could happen to this city?"

"Certainly."

"And yet you are doing your best to stop it?"

The mayor reflected for a few minutes and then said:

"Gentlemen, will you keep a secret?"

"If it's nothing detrimental to the city's interests."

"Well, I am just as anxious to have that work done as you are, but you know how they usually go about such things. If we let them alone, they'll begin work about the last of November, leave things torn up all winter and not finish before next summer is half over. Now, if they have really determined to make this improvement, my saying I disapprove of it won't change them, but it will have one effect—it'll put them on their mettle. They'll get together a gang of men some night and put them to work with lanterns and rush the job through so fast that there won't be any interruption of traffic whatever."—Washington Star.

Wouldn't Stand It.

The uniformed guard at the entrance of the Field Columbian museum stopped the man in the brown suit who was about to go in through the turnstile.

"I can't let you take that cane inside," he said.

"Why not?" demanded the other.

"It's against the rules. You'll have to check it at that window."

"What will that cost?"

"It will cost you 5 cents."

The man in the brown suit hesitated.

"This is the Field museum, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Marshall Field's?"

"Yes. He's the man it's named for."

"Well, I'll be everlastingly gumdasted if I'll stand it! I don't care for the nickel, but I bought this cane of Marshall Field, by jocks, and I'm not going to pay him for keeping it half an hour while I look at his old show!"

And he went away, uttering dreadful things.—Chicago Tribune.

The Bishop's Discomfiture.

There is an anecdote of a London bishop who, having read that story of John Wesley cutting out every word of his discourse that his servantmaid did not understand, determined to preach to a country congregation the simplest sermon he could write. He chose an elementary subject and took as his text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On leaving the church he asked the parish clerk what he thought of the sermon. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it was very fine—very fine and grand. I've been talking it over with Mr. Beard, and we said how fine it was. But, after all, we can't help thinking that there is a God."—Chambers' Journal.

The Royal Geographical Society of England has nearly 4,000 fellows. In its library are about 70,000 volumes and pamphlets. The society is not merely the headquarters of geographical science in Great Britain. It is virtually the headquarters for the whole world.

The Bank of England was opened 202 years ago.

WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time,
I know what I shall do.
I'll cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time,
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time,
I'll pay those bills I owe.
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time,
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!—
A month, a year, ten years from now!
But I can't finish this—
I have no time. —Vogue.

A PIANO FULL OF WASPS.

They Kept Quiet Until the Professor Struck the Loud Notes.

The piano was an old grand. It had not been used for months. The company had arrived in town but a short time before the performance began; hence there had been no time to test the instrument. Nevertheless, the professor boldly opened wide the lids of the long unused grand and then sat down to the keys. The first touch convinced him that the notes were still clear and strong, and that whatever defects in tune there might be would be very slight, so he began the soul inspiring selection.

Now, it happened that in all the months in which the piano had remained unused a colony of yellow jacket wasps had industriously built themselves a home in the shape of a nest as large as a good sized saucer. The soft pianissimo prelude to the selection gently woke the wasps from their sweet dreams. But when the soft pedal was released and the notes grew vigorous and the piano began to reverberate to the heavier passages the disturbed wasps suspected danger. They curled their backs and stretched and shook their gauzy wings viciously. The professor, unheedful of the fact that the music, far from soothing the savage breast of the vicious wasps ambushed within that piano, was rousing their ire, played on. From pianissimo to piano and from piano with one bound to fortissimo the composition ran. All the while the wasps fluttered their wings wickedly, viciously, and all the while the professor played. Now came the climax; now he was throwing together vast handfuls of notes in the basso profundo region of the instrument. Just as the grand was belching forth from its innermost soul the musical thunder of that great Wagnerian opera the vengeance hunting army of yellow jacket wasps swept out of the instrument, with a buzzing war song, down the hallway and upon the audience. Suddenly soul rending shrieks resounded through the hall. Men and women were striking about their heads, benches were upset, and a general stampede for windows and doors ensued. Over the terrible uproar a shrill, piping voice could be heard shrieking:

"Sharlie, come mit! Ach, Sharlie, come mit!"

Long before the outraged burghers of Kerrville were up a little band of men with baggage galore wended their way out of the town and sat down on the railroad track. They were the stereopticomusical aggregation of San Antonio, and their faces, as they recounted the horrors through which they had passed, were the image of that of Napoleon on the night of Waterloo. They flagged the south bound passenger train and took passage for San Antonio. Their wisdom in slipping out of town under cover of night has never been questioned.—San Antonio Express.

The Usual Way.

There are some society girls who like to marshal together all the trophies of a season, in the shape of euchre prizes, german favors and invitations galore to all sorts of functions, where they may be seen of men and bring green eyed glances of jealousy into the eyes of other girls not favored quite so much, but the queerest effort of this kind that ever came under the notice of the writer was a pyramid of empty candy boxes stacked up from floor to ceiling in a corner of the parlor. The largest was, of course, at the base, and there was every make and style, gradually diminishing to the top. This dashing girl, with the immense capacity for destroying candy, excepted every male visitor to add to the number as she started a plant in each of the other corners of the room. Of course a tremendous rivalry went on among her visitors and admirers to get the finest and most unique native and imported boxes. Strange to say, she married a man who had never added a lone box to the pile, but he helped to destroy some of the most toothsome offerings of other fellows.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Woman's Movement.

The presidents of the 23 literary clubs which compose the Federation of Women's Clubs in Kentucky at a recent meeting which they held for the purpose of interchanging ideas upon club work decided among other things to endeavor to establish a bird day in the public schools of the different cities of the state. This will be one effort in a movement to preserve the birds. The presidents will also use their influence to have literature upon the subject disseminated, as they believe women are ignorant of the vast destruction of birds caused by their feather trimmed hats.

An English writer asserts that there never was any Grub street in London, the name having been, invented by Pope. Hungry authors became identified with that street because they were always trying to find it.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lessons.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Curious Experience In a House With Creaking Stairs.

"You know how the stairs puff up," said the retired burglar, "after you stop using 'em nights? You crowd 'em down close together, solid, treading on 'em all day long, and then when you let up on 'em the fibers of the wood lift up again, and the stairs seem to swell. You know how they creak sometimes and snap a little when you go down 'em first in the morning and some of the steps yield a little under the tread? That's them settling down into place again.

"I love to hear 'em in the morning. It seems kind of like the stairs waking up and speaking to you as you go along down. But I don't like to hear 'em at night. And at the time I go about they've had a chance to do considerable puffing, and no matter how velvet footed a man may be he can't lessen his weight very well, and so I learned early to tread near the wall or near the banisters going up stairs, and not on the bow in the middle. The creak, or the little soft snapping, that sounds so pleasant in the morning and that nobody wouldn't notice then, sounds mighty loud at night, when everything is still. If anybody was awake, you know, you could hear it from one end of the house to the other. To be sure, it might not alarm anybody, because there's other sounds in a house at night—sounds that just make themselves, due, I suppose, to changes in temperature. Boards swell and shrink and shift a little, and you might hear a little snap somewhere in the house any time of night. But I always hated to hear the stairs creak when I was going up 'em, all the same, because I always thought that as likely as not it would wake up somebody, and that I should find somebody sitting up in bed looking for me when I looked into the door of a room, and, as a matter of fact, that did sometimes happen.

"I looked one night, after a wretched pair of stairs, into a half lighted room where I saw a man, sitting up in bed, over on the other side of the room, and looking plumb at the door that I was standing in. As I told you, I was always on the lookout for just this thing, but this man surprised me, for all that. He sat there in bed all keyed up, and looking square at me. I could see him perfectly plain, and I knew he could see me just as plain, and I expected every minute he'd find his voice and begin to holler.

"But instead of that he threw the clothes back off his legs and swung his legs around out of bed and stood up. He put his right hand out to locate a chair that stood by the head of the bed, and then he started for the door, hands out a little on each side of him, and feeling out a little on both sides and sort of ahead of him as he came along.

"Humph! Blind. He'd heard the noise and was going to look for it. I might have stood there and slugged him easy as he went by, but I didn't want no rastle with a blind man. I just went out and left him there looking."—New York Sun.

A Story That Was Not Told.

An accomplished interviewer went to get the story of an old hermit who lives on a little lake in the upper part of the state where only a few clearings break the monotony of forest. A delicate approach was made to the main subject and then the six footer, with long white beard and hair, was asked if he had a family.

"Certainly," came the response. "I've tried to play my proper part in the world just like any other man who has an idea that he was put here for something."

"Where are your folks?"

"Back east, where I left them. My wife and five children have a fine home on a big farm. To be accurate, it's one of the finest in the state."

"Do they ever come to see you?"

"They were all up here about four weeks ago. Brought their bedding with them, hunted, fished, visited and had a good time generally. My youngest boy wants to take up some land and make a farmer of himself."

"Do you ever intend to go back where they are to make your home?"

"No. I like it here; they like it there. What's the sense of either them or me putting in the time where it's not enjoyable?"

"Did you have an trouble with your wife?"

The old man sat and smoked and seemed to be in deep study.

"Trying to put the story together?" asked the interviewer.

"No, young man. I was just having a mental debate whether I'd throw you through the window or give you three minutes to get off the place."

In less than half the time the hermit was alone.—Detroit Free Press.

A Story of Thackeray.

Dean Farrar gives the following reminiscence of Thackeray in The Independent: "Dining with him at the house of Dr. Butler, I remember that he spoke of many things, but the only remark that I specially recall was one about himself. He said that he had recently sat at a dinner next to an eminent tragedienne, now dead, and that she had overpowered him with ecstatic compliments. A few days afterward he had sat next Jenny Lind, and the great singer, with a frankness which delighted him, said that she had not read a line of one of his writings and knew nothing about them. Of the two ladies, he greatly preferred Jenny Lind and enjoyed her frank indifference much more than the fulsome adulation."

And He Couldn't Have Both.

Stokeleigh—Why don't you get married, old man?

Brokeleigh—Debarred by custom.

Stokeleigh—How so?

Brokeleigh—Well, while it is permissible for me to appear in public without a wife it is not permissible for me to do so without clothes.—Brooklyn Life.

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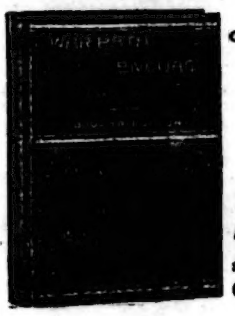

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69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Atlantic Currents.

It is an interesting fact in the records of scientific progress that the United States navy has for a long time past been dropping bottles overboard in the Atlantic ocean at the Azores, in deep water along the coast of Spain and from the Madeira and the Canaries southward along the coast of Africa. The fact that all these bottles that have been recovered have been found on the coast of South America, on the Antilles, and some of them as far west as the mouth of the Rio Grande, suggests the inference that every buoyant object which has been dropped into the ocean during the present geological epoch by prehistoric or historic Spaniards, Portuguese or Africans has found its way to America and been stranded somewhere between the tenth parallel south and the thirtieth parallel north. In the northern part of the Atlantic ocean the currents run the other way, and the mails have been delivered from America to Europe. In the Pacific ocean the daily mails delivered on the west coast of America from Mount St. Elias southward have proceeded from about the twentieth parallel north, in the vicinity of the Malay peninsula and archipelago, thence have traveled through the China sea and the Japanese sea to pick up matters designed for the western hemisphere.

Won on a Bluff.

"That case in Maine recalls an incident in my own experience," said the lawyer who profits largely upon the matrimonial troubles of others. "There was a rich widow living in the town where I began practice and after her weeds were discarded she was given over to the lighter ways of society. She was especially prone to flirtation at her favorite summer resort and her engagements there were held as lightly as those of the veriest summer girl. Her return home from a summer of unusual brilliance was followed in a short time by a respectable looking gentleman of 30 who showed his business qualities by walking into my office and putting down a handsome retainer before talking business.

"'Now, sir,' he stated with admirable directness, 'I want you to begin a $50,000 suit against this wealthy widow. She gave me an unqualified promise of marriage and now refuses to make it good. Men have hearts to break and pride to humiliate, just as women have, and I propose to strike a blow for my sex.'

"'Would you compromise?'

"'Yes, in case you so advise, but not for less than half the sum named and a written apology from her. If it would help any in the matter of a settlement out of court, I have the affidavits of half a dozen poor devils that she has thrown over from time to time.'

"The widow stormed and fumed and then capitulated. She couldn't face the prospect of having her foolish flirtations blazoned before the public. After she had wedded again and gone abroad my client made this admission to me: 'I was never engaged to that widow and had she proposed to settle by marrying me I would have run. I took chances on her forgetting just whom she did promise to marry and I won.'"—Detroit Free Press.

It's Our Treat

We are going to make it a story by that popular author

Capt. Charles King

The title is "TRUMPETER FRED." We are going to tell our readers what an entertaining story it is by simply saying:

It's One of King's!

Only One Trouble.

After the young man had criticised the course of the prosecuting attorney at some length and had ended up by informing him what he should have done the latter grasped him warmly by the hand and remarked:

"It is evident that you have given this case considerable thought, Mr. Brown, and the arguments you advance in support of your position convince me that there is only one reason in the world why you should not even now be as successful a lawyer as I."

"And what is that?" asked the young man.

"You don't know as much."

As the young man slowly picked his way along the street he couldn't help wondering to himself whether it was really worth while to give so much valuable time to other people's business.—Chicago Post.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

OLD TIME FLYCATCHING.

Primitive Method of Getting Rid of the Troublesome Pests.

Newton M. Wilson, living one mile east of town, says a Scottsburg (Ind.) communication, has hanging in his barn an interesting keepsake in the shape of a flycatcher. It is not so curious in itself as it is in showing the primitive methods resorted to by the farmers in early days to rid themselves of flies. It is simply two smooth walnut boards, perhaps 30 by 12 inches, beveled at one end and fastened together by two whang cords strung through matched holes.

In the antebellum days people never thought of keeping flies out of the house; the problem was to dispose of them as they swarmed through the rooms, making life miserable generally. In fact, the use of netting to prevent their ingress is of comparatively recent origin, the invention of this much needed article dating back only 15 or 20 years.

As everybody knows, flies are exceptionally thick in farmhouses, even where screens are used, and when they are not they are almost intolerable. In the olden days the method most commonly employed in the country to destroy the troublesome fly was the use of such instruments as the one described above. The boards were beveled and hung in such manner that by their weight they separated at the bottom, and thus hung in an inverted V shape. To attract the flies they were smeared with molasses on the inner surface.

Thus prepared, they were suspended in convenient places about the house—in kitchen, hallway, porch, which generally served as the summer dining place, and especially in passageways. It was a common duty of every member of the household when passing one of those catchers to clap the boards together, thus mashing the flies which had collected thereon. The cook clapped them in the kitchen, the hands as they passed to and from the house at mealtimes did likewise, the whole household clapped them together hundreds of times a day, and thousands of pestiferous flies met their doom.—St. Louis Republic.

TIP MARKS ON TRUNKS.

The Luggage Signals Used by Hotel Employees Abroad.

Travelers whom every day brings back from the continent say that this season, more than ever, gives plentiful example of the Freemasonry which exists among continental hotel employees. Usually on board the boats from Calais, Boulogne and Ostend notes are compared by tourists who have covered the same ground and followed the same itinerary. The results are significant of "eye opening." Some such colloquy as the following is often overheard:

"My box and two portmanteaus were smashed fearfully by that villain of a porter at the Hotel des Bains, Villavilla, and my wife and I could get no attendance."

"That is curious, for we were treated by all the servants most beautifully. May I ask you a question? Did you tip the servants properly at the previous place, Hotel de Luxe, Lucerne?"

"No; I confess it was an oversight, but what has that to do with the Villavilla hotel?"

"Everything. Look at the hotel labels on your luggage. All on lower right hand corner. That implies that you are mean and illiberal. Now look at mine. All the labels in the upper left hand corner. That signifies liberality—treat this person well—encourage him—your politeness will be rewarded. My friend's bag here has a label stuck right in the middle, and that means, 'A good fellow—will tip, but very exacting—not easily pleased.'"—London Mail.

Tired Locomotives.

Locomotives, like human beings, have their ailments, many of which defy the skill of those deputed to look after them, says the Toronto Mail. We hear of tired razors, a simple complaint which vanishes after a brief period of repose, but locomotives are apt to betray indisposition even after a day's rest and much oiling of the various parts.

Two good engines may be made on the most approved principle. They may each cost—as those of the London and Northwestern railway do—£2,200, and yet one will exhibit from the first a hardihood of constitution altogether wanting in its companion. A first class locomotive of 300 horsepower, costing £2,000, is expected to travel during its life 200,000 miles, or, say, 13,000 miles per annum for 15 years, yet now and then an engine is found so impervious to the assaults of time as to be able in its old age to do its daily work with all the zest and vigor of a youngster.

An Ancient Prayer.

Old John Ward, who was pilloried by Pope in the "Dunciad," and who actually stood in the pillory in the year 1727, when he was said to have been worth £200,000, was, nevertheless, a pious man. He had large estates in London and Essex and did not omit to pray for their welfare in the following manner: "O Lord, I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquake, and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire I beg of thee likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties deal with them as thou pleasest!"—Household Words.

Unworthy.

"That man Davis is clearly not fit to be a father."

"Why?"

"His child is a week and a half old, and he hasn't expressed the belief that it recognizes him."—Chicago News.

Glass bricks are made extensively in Germany. They are blown with a hollow center, containing rarefied air, and they are said to be as strong and durable as clay bricks. They freely admit light.

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The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

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JAMES C. DOOLEY,
Justice of the Peace and Attorney at Law,
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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders of the Chicago Hard Copper Company, held at 910 Ashland Block, Chicago, on the 12th day of September, 1896, it was decided, by a unanimous vote, to change the name of said corporation to the Chicago and Alaska Mining Company and to enlarge the object of said corporation, and that the certificates of such change have been filed in the office of the Secretary of State and in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in the County of Cook, as provided by law.
Oct. 25, 1897.
P. L. McKINNIE, President.
JOHN MOFFITT, Secretary.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 522 REAPER BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JULIA ENRIGHT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Julia Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December, A. D. 1897, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, October 22, 1897.
JOHN S. ENRIGHT,
CATHERINE CASEY,
MICHAEL E. ENRIGHT,
Executors.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executors.

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